

## THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year  
BY THE HERALD COMPANY

**Terms of Subscription:**  
DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, 30 cents; three months, \$1.00; one year, \$3.00.  
SUNDAY—One month, 15 cents; three months, \$1.00; one year, \$3.00.  
SEMI-WEEKLY—(In advance) one year, \$1.50; one month, 75c.

Eastern Office, W. J. Morton in charge—150 Nassau St., New York; N. Y. Washington St., Chicago.

Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address.  
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## ANOTHER BOODLER FREED.

THE DECISION of the supreme court of Minnesota under which former Mayor Amos Ames of Minneapolis, a convicted boodler, is set free, will cause deep disappointment among all enemies of civic dishonesty. The opinion is a triumph for graft and bribery and corruption in office. Ames regains his liberty on a quibble, a technicality, the last refuge of convicted criminals. There is no doubt, even in the minds of the distinguished judges who have opened the doors of the Minnesota state prison for Ames, of the defendant's guilt.

The indictment charged that he received \$600 as a fund raised by disorderly women to secure the protection of Ames as mayor in their unlawful business. The court held that, while Ames did receive the money, while he did protect the women, he cannot be kept in prison because it was not shown that the women made up the money by joint agreement for presentation to him. Instead, each contributed separately for her own individual protection and not for the protection of all concerned.

The man who collected the money and gave it to Ames was not, according to the court, the agent of the women, but the agent of Ames. This seems to be equivalent to saying that the city official who does not wait for a bribe to come to him, but who goes to the briber and solicits a bribe, is not guilty of any offense. The court does not intend that such a construction shall be placed on its opinion, but we insist that it is reasonable. Our state supreme courts are inclined to be altogether too technical.

It is only a little while since Edward Butler of Missouri was freed from a charge of bribery, although it was shown that he had the intent to bribe and that he thought he had actually committed the offense. He got away because the official he bribed didn't have the authority to award the contract in which Butler was interested. Now comes the Minnesota case. Practical people are strongly of the opinion that when a man has been found guilty no miserable technicality should be permitted to intervene between him and his just punishment.

The Minnesota and Missouri cases and others will do much toward increasing the sentiment in favor of abolishing appeals in criminal cases.

## DOUBLE MILEAGE AGAIN.

SO AN EFFORT is to be made, after all, to work the double mileage deal through congress. It looked for a time as if public sentiment was aroused on the subject that the congressmen would hardly dare to pay themselves the money, to which they have no shadow of legal claim. Friday, in a discussion of the urgent deficiency bill, it developed that the double mileage item had been inserted.

The question is not one of party, as was quickly made apparent in Friday's debate. A Democrat, Mr. Maddox of Georgia, made a point of order against the appropriation on the ground that congressmen are not entitled to the money. Mr. Littlefield of Maine, a Republican, came promptly to the support of Mr. Maddox, holding that as the special session of congress was merged into the regular session there was no interregnum and consequently no excuse for double mileage.

This is the only reasonable view to take of the matter. None of the members of congress went home between the special and the regular sessions. Indeed, there was no time for any of them to go home. As they didn't go home they have no more right to vote themselves mileage for both sessions than they have to vote themselves silver tea services to be paid for out of the national treasury. The proposition is grab, pure and simple, and one that, if carried into effect, will cost the taxpayers \$175,000.

It is very difficult for us to believe the action indicated will be taken, though everything along such lines is possible in a Republican congress. And won't congress have the "inalienable right to denounce grafting in subordinate government positions if it indulges in a riot of grafting on its own account?"

## WEALTH AND POVERTY.

THE HERALD today prints a picture of John D. Rockefeller standing by a pile of \$20 gold pieces. The pile is considerably higher than Mr. Rockefeller, and it is said to represent his income for one day. If most of us could enjoy the Rockefeller acrobatics for just twenty-four hours we would feel that we had enough to keep us from wanting for the balance of our days.

But is Mr. Rockefeller to be so greatly envied because he has more money than he can possibly use? In this great country of ours there are hundreds of thousands of men who own only their little homes, who work hard with their hands every day, who are very much happier than John D. Rockefeller. They have jobs, they have money, they have the ability to

sleep soundly at night, good appetites, perfect health and clear consciences. Did you ever stop to think that if Mr. Rockefeller were three times as rich as he is he could not buy an extra hour of life? Do you remember that he cannot take a dollar away with him when he is called across the dark waters? Don't you know that the time is coming when you will own as much ground as John D. Rockefeller, when he will own no more than the humblest of the humble, the lowliest of the lowly?

It is but natural, when the bonds of poverty chafe, when we are forced through lack of means to deny our loved ones and ourselves the comforts and the luxuries we would like to have for them and for ourselves, to envy the immensely wealthy. But, if the truth were known, their trials and troubles are as real and as galling as ours and, while we would all prefer wealth to poverty, few of us would take with the wealth the trials of the wealthy. Poverty is not the world's only curse.

## OLD DODGE STILL GOOD.

THE OLD EMOTIONAL insanity dodge has been worked successfully once more. The most recent case is that of Mrs. Lulu Prince-Kennedy-Kramer of Kansas City. She killed her husband because he had refused to live with her and because he brought up the ground that he had been forced into it. Mrs. Kramer was Mrs. Kennedy then. Since her legal troubles began she has married again and it is to be presumed in the light of the experience of his predecessor, that the second husband will never, never refuse to live with his wife.

The jury in Mrs. Kramer's case found that she was insane at the moment she killed her first husband. Up to the very moment she murdered him her mind was absolutely sound. In the instant of the killing, though, she was crazy. A moment later, when Kennedy had ceased to breathe, Mrs. Kramer's mind returned to her and she has since been sane as anybody. Indeed, the jury that acquitted her on the emotional insanity ground goes on record as saying she is now sane.

This part of the verdict saves Mrs. Kramer from incarceration in an insane asylum and so she will "live happily ever after" with the man she has recently married. The insanity game never seems to lose its wonderful charm with juries. Properly handled, it almost invariably does the work intended for it, namely, the freeing of a criminal charged with some atrocious offense. Here in Utah a man who shot down his wife in cold blood was freed because the jury became convinced that he was crazy when he committed the murder.

Obviously every state should have a law providing that where this sort of defense is set up the defendant cannot be absolutely acquitted. There should be a provision for detaining such defendants behind strong bars for the remainder of their lives, for no one can say when the fit of murderous emotional insanity will again overtake them.

## THEY RIDE IN CHAIRES.

A RESOLUTION was adopted several days ago by the house of representatives calling for a list of department heads and department employees who ride in carriages furnished by the government. The extent to which this abuse has grown is said to be tremendous. Not only members of the cabinet, but first and second and third and fourth assistant secretaries maintain horses, carriages and automobiles at the expense of the government.

Of course this is not done openly. Appropriations are secured with which to pay laborers or for contingent expenses or something of that sort. Then the first thing anybody knows the "laborer" turns up as a coachman, the contingent expense fund is exhausted by the purchase of stylish horses and carriages. Now it may be all right for the government to assist in maintaining the dignity of a cabinet officer who is too poor to maintain it for himself, but there is no warrant for giving carriages to clerks and other petty officials.

After all, though, the men directly concerned can hardly be blamed for indulging their desire for luxury at the cost of the government. They have before them at all times the most illustrious example. Last summer President Roosevelt kept two government yachts under the orders of himself and his family for their own personal pleasure. The president does not hesitate to accept magnificent special trains furnished by the railroad of the country when he goes on private jaunts, he draws the line nowhere where his personal comfort or pleasure is concerned, whether the government foots the bills or some private corporation.

What we need is a reform at the top. When the president sets a good example we may with reason expect the understrappers to follow it as they follow his bad example.

A coal famine is threatened in Manila. In view of the reports we have heard about that climate coal would seem to be a superfluous not worth worrying about in the least.

Senator Burton says he will meet the charge against him in the forum where it was made. And the charge will go more than half way to meet the senator, too.

Hereafter when you want to mention the last limit of deliberation, it will be proper to say a thing is as slow as diplomatic negotiations between Russia and Japan.

Government officials are reported to be in favor of irrigation projects in Utah. Let us hope they'll quit talking and begin doing something before very long.

The man who was fired from a room and then fired the room evidently believes there is such a thing as poetic retribution.

Polar expeditions on Lake Michigan will soon be in order. A dispatch says the big body of water is filled with icebergs.

A band of only \$200 seems a mighty slender thread with which to hold so strong a gentleman as Bruce Johnson.

## HUMOR IN STATE PRESS

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

A man implicated in a case with a man bought—From the Autobiography of a Successful Politician.

It would be interesting to know if any New Year resolutions survived the month.

The report that the president of a state in the northern part of the state "set apart" a baseball team sounds reasonable. It will be recalled that one Jack Grim "set apart" the Salt Lake team for several days last summer, and it took quite a bit of coin and worry to get it set together again.

Even though the worst comes, Smoot will have the satisfaction of knowing he has given the doctrine of his church wider publicity than any other missionary has had in the past several years past.

No doubt that Chicago doctor who said he had no cure for pneumonia is an old man about to retire from practice.

If that 13-year-old girl who was arrested because she had two husbands had not been interfered with she might have gathered quite a family around her by the time she was 60.

It is evident the young man who sent us so much hot stuff from Key West early in '98 is somewhere in the far east now.

## The Good Old Slipping Time.

There's a time of the year that we all view with fear. Good old slipping time. If you don't take a car you are due for a jar. In the good old slipping time. For the ice on the street. When you play jokes with your feet. And up in the air they will climb. And then you, of course. Hit the pavement with force in the good old slipping time.

In the good old slipping time. In the good old slipping time. Falling when you take a stroll. With your baby in your arms. Bruises on you everywhere. And that's a very good sign. You ought to be getting some hot shots fired at him every once in a while.

It remains to be proved, however, that radium will prevent trousers bagging at the knees.

Whitaker Wright's mistake was in not sneaking a horse and buggy into court. None of the officials would have observed the rig, and he might have driven to safety without difficulty.

While it may be true that it is "the Mormon church," not Senator Smoot, that is under fire, yet it will be noticed that Smoot is getting some hot shots fired at him every once in a while.

The tension between Russia and Japan appears to be one of the most durable tensions on record.

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Nothing but the announcement that the paymaster would pay the Colorado millionaire who had a report kept General Sherman M. Bell from dropping down to Pueblo and licking the whole company.

Minister of War Linates and Deputy Soriano of Madrid, Spain, desire to announce that they will fight a duel. Neither expects to get hurt, and they hope to leave the field arm in arm.

Really, it was nothing much for Jeffries to stop that runaway horse in New York. He has stopped harder things than that. If you doubt this ask Robert Fitzsimmons.

## On Crests in America.

Back in the days when men fought with spears and axes it was considered polite, not to say sensible, to incase one's body in armor. As the fighters looked pretty much alike when in case, and from the custom sprang heraldry with all its glory and expense. Fighters got in the habit of placing on their shields and helmets a distinguishing mark, so that after you put a man out you could tell who he was without calling a blacksmith. It was a useful thing in those days.

The system of crests in case which was the name applied to the mark on the helmet, still exists, but it has been varied somewhat, especially in this country. The knights of ancient days adopted a device which symbolized some great performance of the wearer or his ancestors. This is where the variation comes in. The average American who sports a crest on his shield frequently, however, does not pay proper respect to the dead. Thus it is that picks, washbuds, handkerchiefs, mortar hods, spades, moccasins, etc., do not figure conspicuously in the crests. On the contrary, we see crests in the coronets, helmets, spears and the like, coupled with Latin mottoes, not generally susceptible of translation by the one who owns the crest, and which would remain a mystery should the translation furnished by the man who sold the crest be lost and forgotten.

But crests in America have their value, as duplicates of the crests of the same town. Most of those who purchase crests are long on coin and short on learning. Thus one can tell by the crest who owns the crest, and though the signature dealer identification, the crest generally indicates that the owner of it has money to burn, because the man who peddles crests in America does for the purchaser of his goods. The free library is doing for Andrew Carnegie. In the few cases where the crest does not typify wealth it may be assumed that its possessor got it from the government, and then you may be sure that its present owner or an ancestor got to the boat a few laps ahead of the police, because people who own crests abroad do not leave home except in cases of extreme necessity.

The crest is a patriotic institution in America, because it stands for what the founders of the country ran away from and what some of the wealthier occupants of space in this country try to run back to as soon as they get rich enough to bear the expense.

There is no simpler way for a person of means to get ancestry than through the purchase of a crest. A crest that relates to an earl can be had at a quite reasonable figure now. One relating to a duke costs a higher, of course, and one relating to a king will cost quite a bit of money. Don't worry about your name. It will be dropped into the middle or attached to one end of another name in a manner that will give you a "dash" the connection, or else changed to suit your changed circumstance. Having a crest you will no longer need to sign your name by mark, but can just draw your pen and write your name as you wish.

Of the great value of a crest to those who aspire to move in the higher social circles of this country nothing need be said here. Its long period of value in service in this field of endeavor has been its vindication. Be careful to have the motto consist of Latin words, and of another name in a manner that will except yourself will know what it means, and it will therefore carry great weight.

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But Net of Her.

(Cincinnati Times-Star.)

"Did you ever get the best of an argument with your wife?" asked the man with a red neck.

"Oh, yes," replied the mild-mannered chap, "but I never got the best of her in an argument."

## NEW PLAYS THAT PLEASE BROADWAY AUDIENCES

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Frances Hodgson Burnett, in "That Man and I," gives a relatively cheerful view of the evil that men do to women. This new play is not a funny farce, as its name seems to indicate, but a comedy of tender sentiment and deep emotion. Mrs. Burnett has made it with pen and ink, as well as with tears and sobs, from her novel, "The Secret Garden." The misfortune which John Baird brings to Margery Latimer is shown in the prologue. Then the action begins. The play is a comedy of sentiment, with a touch of tragedy. Felicity, who goes on her wedding day to lay her bridegroom on her mother's grave and pray there to be kept pure, a pliant, obedient, and dutiful girl, the girl who is the pitiful pliancy of what she does, and her remorseful father saved from suicide by the girl's devotion to her mother. Of course you have seen Maud; Felicity, if not on the stage, then in portrait, as her hundreds of photographs testify. As her father in sentiment prints the world over, Maud is as pretty as her pictures; young and sweet, too, and rather more than a passable actress. As her maiden just married she is lovely.

Robert Hilliard is the star of the play, however, as the "I" who, after a long lapse of time, discovers "that man," the father of his head sister's child, in his own living chum. Now, Hilliard is a powerful actor, and he makes Uncle Dick's venal feeling look sure to damage Baird seriously. Most of us know, too, that Hilliard is a shrewd man and impulsive; so our concern for the innocent and the suicidal sister is heightened. But the gentle Felicity, quite unwittingly, relaxes her uncle's fist into an open hand, extended to her father in many forgiveness. Mrs. Burnett's play is prolix and disorderly, but in its scenes of cross purposes for the two men and the girl, the play is the pulse and opens the tear ducts.

Hilliard is a product of Brooklyn, a grocer's son, and an actor to the acre than any other city in the land. He used to play Hamlet and Romeo evenings, when he wasn't boxing at an athletic club, and came across the river during the week to it in West street. Very well known is Bob locally, and for brain as well as brawn, though I doubt if ever his name was on any check for a salary. After he went on the professional stage he traveled a season in a company which contained that other quick-tempered and restless actor, Lloyd Bingham, and it was inevitable that they should come to blows. That was years ago. Bob is proud of his historic reputation and ambition, to increase it, and to do so he is willing to do anything that might lessen it ever so little. One of the published accounts of Lloyd's assault on Acton Davies, the dramatic critic, and the fact that he once punched Bob for an insult to Mrs. Bingham. And this in the very week before Bob would come out in "That Man and I," which is the latest of Mrs. Burnett, with all that the event portended in art and literature! The scandalous, infamous, injurious lie must be nailed quick to the wall. "It was I who hit Bingham," Hilliard telegraphed from Buffalo, "and if he has forgotten the fact I would be pleased to pound it into him again."

Ada Rehan is the marvel of the passing show. The question whether a play or a playlet is not peculiarly successful seldom seems a salient point for this correspondent; but in this peculiar case it is too pertinent to be ignored. Augustus Daly went bankrupt, only a few years ago, and he is now in classical comedies. A closure of his theatre was averted by recourse to sensational melodramas and musical farces. He is now a big success, and he is doing it this week for "The School for Scandal." She is still a gifted and accomplished artist, and enough of a really wonderful woman, I am sure, that after seeing her furrowed face and white hair on the promenade of an afternoon, and her initiation of a girl on the stage that same evening, Miss Rehan is nearer to sixty years than fifty, else she was to more than a child when, in 1887, she first appeared in Alhambra's Baltimore and Albany stock companies. Yet as Katherine and Lady Teazle, although her art can't hide what nature has done to her beautiful face, it is hard to see her age back a quarter of a century or more in classically, buoyancy and other aspects of girlishness. She played the role as well as she could, as she did long ago. I had thought that Grandma Bernhard was the bluff in excelsis when I had last seen her play the boy in "Alfion." But she is equalled by Miss Rehan.

As to the astonishing fact that New York, which permitted Daly's theatre to be half empty, when Ada Rehan appeared, there is now a larger house upon her sackless hopeless return to the city. I don't know how to explain it. So I ask an old manager to tell me the why and wherefore. He took on the air of a sage in looking backward. "If he were coming good at looking forward he would be a millionaire, which he is not."

I know why people are thronging to see Rehan, said this hindsight prophet: "A new generation of play-goers has grown up since she was in her prime. The fathers and mothers read the advertisements of her reappearance and remark to their sons and daughters, 'Ada Rehan was a great and glorious actress. Oh, my, but there's nothing like her nowadays.' You don't miss this possibly last chance to see her. I guess we'd better all go." So whole families hurry to the theatre where, with the faded, but undimmed, and worn scenery, which Daly treasured to her, she is shining with real effulgence in the rekindled light of other days."

Augustus Daly was a genius for developing talent in actresses. Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, Agnes Elnel and Fanny Davenport are among the actresses who were similarly produced in cooking actors from raw to well done; nor is David Belasco, and Daly failed to find any value for his purpose in that respect. He was a successful woman as May Irwin and Annie Yeaman, whom he took into his company; but in moulding younger and more plastic feminine material he was a failure. He did not get into stage management from the ticket office, but from newspaper writing, and profit was smaller in his eyes than pride. As a business man he was unpolitic, enemy snoring and ruinously extravagant. As a professional man he was aesthetic, progressive and, as I said, a marvelous developer of the artistic in actresses.

An example of Daly's tuition is this week on the same stage where he operated during the last dozen years of his life. When his vogue with the public had fallen away from him, his credit had been exhausted and his doors had to be guarded against his creditors, he took up London extravaganzas as well as London melodrama in desperate endeavor to retain his theatre. He utilized Miss Rehan in bowlers from the Brury Lane, but found that, with all her versatility, she couldn't sing and dance in nonsense from the Gaiety. So

BY FRANKLIN FYLES

he looked about for a waiting warbler from "The Gelsia" and decided on Virginia Earl, a winsome but none too cultured Casanova burler. She improved markedly while in his employ. Now she is making good use of what he taught her. She is the central thing in "Sergeant Kitty" and distinctly artistic in all she does. The play by Burnside and Sloane is old in design and execution, and there is not much freshening of the familiar materials, yet blase Broadway consents to be pleased by Mrs. Earl. To my thinking she is particularly nice when, as a girl perplexed and exasperated by her love affairs, she sings and acts a duo-duo ballad. At that juncture her numerous changes of costume have brought her into a military hat and coat, but the poor thing doesn't feel brave or military and she breaks down—or out—in a song which makes her sob a refrain of "What is a poor girl to do?" She makes one feel like chucking her under the chin, patting her on the back and possibly hugging her—All in the way of comforting her, of course. But she rebounds from her depression without help, throws off the enveloping cloak and stands forth, saucy and smiling in a Hussar uniform of baby blue, to lead in a martial chorus and march.

The theatrical laugh of Broadway this week is on Edward H. Sothern—not as an actor, of course, but as an author. "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes" is all his own composition, except the title, which is a line from an old song, and some passages from "As You Like It," which are interpolated in a serio-comic rehearsal. The eyes are those of Virginia Harned Sothern, as the goo-goo gazer of the piece, and their light lies when it beams lovingly on her hoar before she really feels that way. Mr. Sothern undertook to write a comedy and this is the result. It is brilliant. It has more faults of crudity than I have the space here to describe, and more than any man of Sothern's stage experience ought to be guilty of. I hope we will have to see it when again we see the merits of his Hamlet, or view the Romeo which he promises for next season with Julia Marlowe's Juliet.

A pure play is a rare thing to come from Paris. "The Secret of Polichinelle" is that. In its first New York run on any much more than a curiosity, and it was known to expect. A minority was disappointed that the comedy didn't turn out to be a salacious farce. A majority was astonished pleasantly when the play, which was a comedy of conjugal loyalty instead of infidelity, Paris can't be altogether wicked, for this piece lasted a year there; nor Berlin, and Vienna, and the fact that it generated, for it had long seasons in those cities, and now we shall see how well and lastingly New York will like it. It is a comedy of the heart, affectionately domestic, ought to be irresistible. But don't infer that it is faultless. The subject is exhausted by the end of the second act, and the third act is limp through a third, another

## Winter Eczema

Winter Eczema, sometimes called Dry Eczema, or Tetter, is one of the severest forms of this most torturing and aggravating of all skin diseases. As cold weather approaches the skin thickens and hardens, cracks and bleeds, and in bad cases crusts and sores form and the parts affected become intensely painful, tender and swollen. The itching, burning and smarting is so terrific at times that the sufferer is made almost desperate, and the nerves are so unstrung that sleep is impossible. Like all other skin-torturing diseases, Winter Eczema is caused by acids in the blood, and while soothing applications are helpful, no lasting benefit can come from external treatment. The disease is in the blood; the entire system is saturated with the poison and the blood aflame with the fiery acids, and only a remedy that enters into the circulation and destroys the poisons will afford lasting relief from the torments of Eczema. S.S.S. has no equal as a blood medicine, and has become the most widely-known and popular blood purifier on the market. If you have Eczema or any skin trouble originating from bad blood, you will find that S.S.S. acts promptly, purifying the blood and building up the general health. Write us; medical advice without charge.

My wife had a breaking-out below her knees. At first red bumps appeared, but soon white, skin-torturing diseases, Winter Eczema is caused by acids in the blood, and while soothing applications are helpful, no lasting benefit can come from external treatment. The disease is in the blood; the entire system is saturated with the poison and the blood aflame with the fiery acids, and only a remedy that enters into the circulation and destroys the poisons will afford lasting relief from the torments of Eczema. S.S.S. has no equal as a blood medicine, and has become the most widely-known and popular blood purifier on the market. If you have Eczema or any skin trouble originating from bad blood, you will find that S.S.S. acts promptly, purifying the blood and building up the general health. Write us; medical advice without charge.

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